

## Commentary: Forgotten French art; English Interiors



# The erosion of the word

By C. H. Sisson

GEORGE STEINER: On Difficulty. 219pp. Oxford University Press. £5.50.

In a disarming preface George Steiner describes the essays in this collection as "working papers" or, in American, "position papers". Such a paper, he says, "is not a proposal, in a form which may be comprehensive and assertive—as we should expect Professor Steiner's work to be, anyway—but none the less, explicitly provisional." There is just a shade of tactical elusiveness about this. Of course, so far as the author is soliciting "correction, modification, and that collaborative disagreement on which the hopes of rational discourse depend", he is seeking rather than evading encounters. Still, there must be some end asserted or implied in a "working paper", so can the author claim to be speaking more provisionally than anyone else? And if so, what purpose? The term "working paper" comes, as Professor Steiner says, from "administrative and bureaucratic practice" and I put my questions from the point of view of one who has been accustomed to it in that milieu and who, perhaps for that reason, is puzzled by the analogy. For in the world of practical affairs a working paper is judged in relation to some practical outcome, more or less clearly foreseen—the publication of some resounding statement of policy, or a decision to expend or not to expend a sum of money. Neither of these events promises anything less provisional than itself, so far as the truth of things is concerned, however much it may promise by way of triumph or at least momentary rest, for some hard-pressed administrator or politician.

A critical statement, however, must—must it not, however few get very far along the road?—aim at a sort of indisputable validity so far as human utterance may be so qualified as being ranged, for durability, with certain critical pronouncements of, say, Aristotle or Horace which, however they need to be reinterpreted in changed circumstances, cannot be laughed off after 2,000 years or more. This suggestion no doubt places the reviewer in the category of those who imagine that

they are still stuck in "a classic value-structure, as felt in the Renaissance and seventeenth century", and who do not know that it was "active still among the literate" only "until the great crises of world war and social revolution". I do imagine something like that, and cannot see how the literature of the European Renaissance, from classical times to the present, can be read with sympathy in any other way. The situation is of course complicated by the present, which has always been a hard place to find one's way in—and never more so. I will doubtfully concede if that makes anyone happier, than now. In saying this, I do not suppose that I am setting myself over against Dr Steiner, for the main grievance of those essays is precisely in a concern that "vital resources of inwardness, of disciplined remembrance, of meditative clarity" may be being "eroded". That such disasters are threatened is common ground, as it was for Eliot and even for Arnold. I only wonder whether Dr Steiner, hustling around among so many current near-scientific, near-political ideas, is not at times so astonished by their brilliance that the great landmarks of European literature seem to wobble.

That Dr Steiner is profoundly academic, in modern mode, is indicated by something more than his style and titles, and his record on both sides of the Atlantic. The Professor of English and Comparative Literature at the University of Geneva, and Extraordinary Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge, is so scandalized by the savagery of children making "undue noise" unschooled "not to burst in when their father is reading", by the lack of "a domestic who enters the shelves of books, who enters the library when called", that he asserts that "it is only rarely in the home that the exercise of reading, in the old sense, now takes place. It is in highly specialized rooms: mainly the university library or the academic office". There are, however, people who have worked for a living outside the academic world, and who have had a family, who have read, if not enough to put them in competition with Professor Steiner, enough to brush off the worst crudities of illiteracy. There is a touch of Steinerish overstatement in the presentation of these difficulties. One may ask whether the con-

tract Dr Steiner draws between past and present is not over-drawn, in more places than one. Is there reason to suppose that Raleigh or Marlowe, or even Jonson or Shakespeare, were accustomed to read in uninterrupted calm? Even Hooker had to rack the clock. And was John Keats that well prepared by his education, in those golden days, to find "a primary body of reference and justification" in "the epic poetry of Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso", as we are told he did, along with Goethe and Byron? An ability to find his own way, on small promptings, is one of the marks of the writer of genius, and peculiarly of the poet. That is not to deny that access to reading matter of importance was, in the past, less obstructed by trash than it is now, nor to lessen the impact of Dr Steiner's censure of "the disaster of mass education in the United States" or of the shortcomings of schools in England. Still, the provisional comprehension and assertiveness of this book's method are admitted to carry a certain risk of inexactitude, which can be counted on to keep the seminar going.

It must be said that these wilful imprecisions are the consequence of the willful determination to bring the general reader trophies from a variety of linguistic and other disciplines. There are moments when names run down on us so fast that it is a weakness in the reader—the effect is as much rhetorical as referential. In such a bemused moment, sometimes, Dr Steiner whips out one of those dubious suggestions which carry more fascination than conviction. So, at the end of a paragraph which invokes "the period from Rimbaud and Mallarmé to Dada and Surrealism", Wittgenstein, Moore, Austin and Quine—with, by way of contrast, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer and Bergson—as well as Shakespeare, Milton and Pope, Karl Kraus and George Orwell, we learn that the "brutalization and profanation of the word is very probably one of the main causes of the self-destruction, either through self-imposed silence or actual suicide, which has come over Western literature from the time of Nerval and Rimbaud to that of Sylvia Plath, Paul Celan, and John Berryman". It cannot be said that the energetic Rimbaud has had as many imitators as he should have had, in the matter of

self-imposed silence, and so far as there has been a cult of actual suicide, it has been a remarkably talkative one, which might call for some refinement of Dr Steiner's summary explanation.

In another essay where there is some discussion of Mallarmé and Celan we find ourselves pointed to "a hypothesis of language such as we find, precisely, in the philosophy of Heidegger". It is not so much the poet who speaks, but the language itself: "die Sprache spricht"—which is true, also, of nursery rhymes, so that on this occasion one wishes that Dr Steiner had extended his reference a bit, so that we knew how far his formulation applies to poetry in general.

The essay "On Difficulty", from which these remarks are taken, goes close to the root of Dr Steiner's concern, for it raises a number of questions about interpretation of poetry, and as to what constitutes a proper reading. As must be the case with any of us, his notions are extensively conditioned by the kind of mind he himself has, his range of interests, and his taste for certain sorts of explanation. Yet he is certainly worrying at an objective ground of difficulty when he tries to assess the growing dilemma which leads to the position in which "the distance" between a culture and certain texts can grow so drastic that everything has to be looked up". He suggests that this is so with "Platonic, say, or Dante or certain stretches of Milton".

"Everything" is surely a little extreme, though it is certainly the case that the "homework" he calls it, becomes more "mountainous" as our twentieth-century brands of literacy recede from the vocabulary, from the grammars, from the grids of classical and biblical reference which have mapped the contours of Western poetry from Chaucer to "The Waste Land". But the prominence Dr Steiner gives to the "homework" is enough to discourage the best of students—perhaps especially the best of students. For if the professor is to hand down incursive silence or actual suicide, which has come over Western literature from the time of Nerval and Rimbaud to that of Sylvia Plath, Paul Celan, and John Berryman. It cannot be said that the energetic Rimbaud has had as many imitators as he should have had, in the matter of

only in odd lines and fragments, which, barely staid, can yield the frozen of the text again and again, only years. What I am saying is that explanation comes second, if it is not to be damaged by its academic presentation.

But wherever one turns in Steiner's book one finds one arguing, or inclined to argue, because the questions he raises are important ones, touch on health of literature and the state of our reading, and are posed with answers which are positively provisional. There are discussions of "Language and Chocanals", "Eros and Idea", and "The Distribution of the course", which in this context means the portioning of human life between inner and outer speech. There is no page which does not give grounds for the author's solicits, or encourage the formulation of further puzzles the very width of Dr Steiner's quest reflects that he is not a scientist of our time which is general before the particular, the international before the local, what is reported from afar before what is under one's nose. Yet literature, like the life of ordinary people, as it has always been, comes with giving things a local habitation and name, and knows that its utmost efforts stretch only a little way beyond that. The significance of Clare is that he was a man of Northamptonshire, and that men everywhere, and that in Rome, and Dante in or out of Florence, if the image of man is ever in danger of being erased, as it sometimes fears, and as Dr Steiner appears to fear, it will be because our view of the world is not specific enough.

In *The Rise of Romanticism: Romantic Texts* (363pp. Curzon, 1978) Brian Lipworth has selected extracts from eighteenth-century writers to demonstrate how deep rooted Romanticism was in the philosophy, aesthetics and literature of the time. The book ranges from Burnet's *Theory of the Earth* in 1684 to Wordsworth's *Excursion* in 1814; the general and specific history of the extracts comes from his classical models, to prophetic, and enlightened reason in the interest in the primitive and political.

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# The Muses in triplicate

By John Russell

JOHN PEARSON: *Facades*. Edith Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell. 534pp. Macmillan. £9.95.

Edith Sitwell wanted to be one of the greatest poets who ever lived. Osbert Sitwell wanted to witness to his time on the scale of Chateaubriand and with something of Chateaubriand's quality. Sacheverell Sitwell wanted (still wants, indeed) to experience all that is finest in art, architecture, music, dance, and a dozen other disciplines in the interest of a form of bricolage such as only he would have thought of.

These are not paltry ambitions, and the extent to which the three Sitwells did or did not succeed in them is a matter of lively interest to everyone whose preoccupations overlapped with theirs. It was, if anything, obscured by the fact that for much of their lives they had a parallel activity, and one that brought them much into the public eye. They saw themselves, that is to say, as sole champions—of all that was best and newest in the arts, as well as of much that was not new but had been unjustly neglected. They set out some sixty years ago on a career of guerrilla activity against conventional opinion; if there resulted from this a skirmish, or even a pitched battle, they rejoiced in the fray and gave no quarter.

Such is the legend, at any rate. By the end of the 1920s it had a solid foundation: Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell did indeed mount a very good exhibition of recent French painting at Heath's in 1919, Edith Sitwell's *Facades* and "Gold Coast Customs" have their place in any history of English poetry, Sacheverell Sitwell's studies of the baroque and the rococo were mapped out by the time of the 1930s. The three Sitwells were, in fact, the best of their kind, and their encouragement of William Walton. That they should have seen the point of Gertrude Stein in 1926 and the English literary life by that time the less promising. The thing that they did they brought a certain style: a stance before life that was at once dehuman and combative, offhand and committed. Nor were they the captives of their class. Osbert thought that George Bernard Shaw was "more interesting" (and better looking than most) and when the major English writers of the 1920s accepted an invitation from Edith Sitwell they found her serving dark brown tea and non-descript buns on the fifth floor of a house off the Bayswater Road. They were acquainted with Picasso, Dighiev and Jean Cocteau; it was reasonable to suppose that they themselves were very gifted; once seen, they were never forgotten. (Virginia Woolf said of Edith Sitwell that she was "like a clean bare bone that one finds on a man's wrist with emeralds stuck about it".)

To the outer world it seemed that much in all this was owed to money, to breeding, and to the assurance that those two things in combination can bestow. A happy and sheltered childhood was also often pointed for lack of immediate evidence to the contrary. But D. H. Lawrence was not taken in. In 1927 he wrote to a friend that

Osbert and Edith Sitwell came to me very often. They were really, very nice, not a bit affected or bawling, or anything like that. They were themselves and their parents. I never in my life saw such a strong, strange family complex as if they were marooned on a desert island, and nobody in the world but their own lost selves. Queen!

As many people now know, and as everyone will know a great deal better after reading John Pearson's *Facades*, the three Sitwells had plenty to be queer about. They were the offspring of a dynastic and loveless union. In 1915 their mother had been sent to prison over a matter in which she had been duped by a swindler. Their father did nothing to help his wife in her extremity; nor did he lighten his children's misery when he insisted on enlivening their meals during the trial by talking on and on about

Sitwells were "rich", on any reading of that word; but Sir George Sitwell saw to it that for a great part of their lives his children had barely enough to live on. (Edith Sitwell in her seventies still believed by all her life: a belief in the metamorphic power of the human imagination.)

It is on this point that Mr Pearson stands back from the accumulation of day-by-day detail and makes one of his rare ventures into broad general summation. The essence of her grand poetic rhetoric lay in the assumption of a queenly right to speak for the whole of suffering humanity in her verse. . . . She who had never known physical love would speak for lovers, she who had borne no children would declaim the power of mother-love, and she who had seen nothing of the first-hand savagery of war would lament the slaughter of Hiroshima.

Here and on other occasions Mr Pearson manifests the wide-ranging humanity that has made people trust him with documents to which he has had access. He is not malicious, he never tries to be clever, he does not allow himself to become the vassal of one faction or another, he works very hard, and he is a man of compassion. He never forgives that if the Sitwells were "queer", as D. H. Lawrence put it, they had good reason to be.

He understands the ups and downs that marked their long careers. He knows that whereas in the 1920s the world went their way, to a considerable extent, it did not go their way in the 1930s. He knows that the 1940s and early 1950s were very good years indeed for Osbert and Edith Sitwell, and he knows exactly how grim, for the one as for the other, were the years of bodily decline. He knows all as a matter of common sense and objective observation, but he also has had through his hands a mass of documentation, much of it unpublished.

On the whole, what he has chosen to do is to peg away from year to year, never hazarding himself very far from a corroborated quotation or a carefully checked reference. In the United States and may not be opened before the year 2000; but Mr Pearson persuades us from the outset that the relationship in question was a mismatch of colossal proportions for which nothing could be said except that his very impossibility was funda-

mental to it. By setting her heart on a capricious and unreliable human being whose homosexual orientation was likely to put him for ever beyond her reach, Edith Sitwell was true to what she lived by, all her life: a belief in the metamorphic power of the human imagination.

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## Cowardice

Do you remember, in the Twenties, the songs we used to sing, reading our Westerns and Hentys, before the days of Bing?

Gramophones were very sharp and tinny, we could sit there and applaud, shows with stars like Laddie, Sonnie, Binnie, Jack and Jessie, Tuna and Claude. We had no truck with opus numbers and anything called Art—and fox-trots (long before the rumbas) gave us our happy start...

This was our taste of the future, we embraced that decade, gleaming in glamour, with our hope not betrayed. There lay Love—which our ten-year-old scoffing felt above (girls with men!)—in the offing.

The sight of women set us giggling, their bottoms broad and fat, the Charleston and that sexy wriggling, their bosoms not so flat, as they jumped and danced in gay chorus—though we watched the dance with scorn, this was life!—capturing there before us, and the reason we were born. Of the one we were just dimly conscious, and judge, severe, like monks with tonsures—soon to be part of it...

This was all necks with arms round them, groping up sexily on display—a mystery coming our way. We weren't too frightened, we weren't too enlightened in that faced-by-the-future far decade.

Gavin Ewart

Based on "Dear Little Café", from Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. In 1926 (the record) I was ten years old.

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## Chronicles of the city

By Janet Adam Smith

DAVID DAICHES:  
Edinburgh  
271pp. Hamish Hamilton. £7.95.

Stevenson in Samna, feeling himself back on the Pentlands, above the cottage at Swanton where he spent happy days as a boy, made these lines:

The tropics vanish, and meadows that I  
From Halkerside, from topmost  
Allermuir, or steep Cuckerton, dreaming gaze  
Far set in fields and woods, the  
town I see

Spring gallant from the shallows  
of her smoke,  
Cragged, spired, and towered, her  
Beflagged. About, on seaward-  
drooping hills,  
New folds of city glitter. Last, the  
North

Wheels ample waters set with scudding  
isles,  
And populous fife smokes with a  
score of towns.

Two days before writing this review I stood on topmost Allermuir (not far from the artificial skirron that now brings cheerful crowds to steep Cuckerton) and saw Edinburgh below, cragged, spired and towered. There were no shallows of smoke—in the crystal air the grain elevators of Leith and Granton, the industrial structures round Joppa and Portobello, stood out as clearly as Arthur's Seat or the Calton Hill, and were indeed easier to pick out than the Castle in the middle distance. Over in Fife, beyond the bright water and the sacred isles, there was no smoke from populous towns to hide the twin peaks of the Lomonds. Stevenson's remembered view could not take in the North Bridge—opened a month after he wrote his poem; my actual view took in two North Bridges, the columns and catenary curve at the road bridge hanging lightly above the railway bridge, and my eye took in new folds of city glittering in the October sun which Stevenson never saw: great stretches of housing by Corstorphine, Davidson's Mains and Liberton; and at this end of the Pentlands, beyond the hamlet of Swanton still snugly hidden in its trees, the new Swanston of crescents, terraces and avenues.

Somewhere, David Daiches fits all this scene into his close-packed book, and shows us how the city which started as a huddle of buildings on a rocky ridge (as late as 1500 it occupied under 140 acres) grew into the fifty-three square miles of twentieth-century Edinburgh; lately, with regional reorganisation, augmented by another fifty with the helpings of Midlothian and West Lothian.

As a dedicated Stevensonian, Professor Daiches, must have been ever conscious of Edinburgh: *Picturesque Notes*, that highly personal and anecdotal evocation. At all events, he deliberately decided on a different approach. Apart from a two-

page prologue, he has chosen to be impersonal, referring to himself (as we used to, in the old anonymous chronicles of the TLS) as "the present writer", and aiming to stand well back from a subject in which indeed his mind and heart are deeply involved. His role is to be the sober chronicler of the city, its people, their institutions and activities, from the Romans to the present day; but when he wants colour or drama, or the tang of direct experience, he can call up collaborators in plenty. The quotations—with much from Dunbar, Fergusson, Boswell, Cockburn, *Picturesque Notes*—lighten the book and add to its pleasure. So do the pictures, over seventy of them: prints, portraits, and excellently chosen photographs.

I particularly liked one by Alan Daiches—the caption says "Antique Shop"—but its real interest is in two groups of children, one quite unconcerned by the uniqueness in the window and very busy about their own affairs. One complaint: no photographs of that strangest corner of the Old Town, Greyfriars churchyard, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Henry James's chosen photographer, for the New York edition of his *Works* took some remarkable ones there in 1905 and in 1950.

More obviously than many towns Edinburgh is shaped by its history. The defensive wall built round it after Flodden in expectation of an English invasion, limited its area for two centuries, though the population tripled.

The expanding population had nowhere to go but up, and "lands of up to ten or eleven storeys high became a characteristic feature of the city, uncommon in any other part of the country, as it were, in a vertical street, with the most distinguished near the top.

Among the results of this squeezing together were the easy conviviality of the taverns and clubs; the filthy streets, with shops thrown from high windows; the modulating of great numbers of classes living, as it were, in a vertical street, with the most distinguished near the top.

Now this actually came to pass in a story of never-failing interest, with many a lesson for today; and Professor Daiches tells it well. Threats from England had constricted the city; union with England encouraged its expansion. The loss of political power to London was offset by an increase in national sentiment and an outburst of cultural patriotism, whose manifestations included the 1752 propo-

sals of Gilbert Elliott of Minn (backed by Lord Provost Drummond) for extending and improving the city. "The planners and developers," says Professor Daiches, "were for the most part North Britons dedicated to the task of making Edinburgh a great British city to compensate for the loss of its position as capital of a separate kingdom of Scotland." The Town Council offered a prize for the best plan; James Craig won it in 1767. "Craig's plan was a perfect visual embodiment of those ideas of progress, prosperity, order and elegance that were represented by the Scottish Enlightenment; its object was to make the chief city of North Britain worthy of the reputation it was increasingly winning as a centre of intellectual excellence."

And so the plans were translated into the gracious streets and squares of the Georgian era, with the new Hanoverian names—George, Frederick, Charlotte—opposed the down-to-earth names of the Old Town—Grassmarket, Cowgate, Netherbow, Canongate: standard English vernacular Scots, good

form v native energy. The juxtaposition of the Old and New Towns makes for a continuing drama, for each has managed—visually at any rate—to keep a good deal of its characteristic identity into the age of tower blocks and multiple stores. "Much of the surviving Old Town has been cleaned up and restored; the New Town has been zealously watched over and declining parts of it to the north of Horiot Row have been refurbished and restored to gentility."

But there is one historical area which has been deliberately destroyed. This is what Professor Daiches calls the first New Town and George Square, built to the south of the Old Town some years before Craig's plan, and the streets round it. George Square is still there, but the David Hume Tower, what ever their business merits, are not its neighbours for the original houses that remain; and the rest of the neighbourhood has been devastated in the interests of a grandiose plan for a university city.

Where once there flourished a locality of shops and small businesses, nearly a dozen public, several public halls and hundreds of ordinary people, there exist now nothing but turfed waste-land, a patchy asphalted carpark, and the Edinburgh University student health centre and refectory, one of the most barbaric of Edinburgh's concrete edifices.

So writes a contributor to *The Unmaking of Edinburgh*, a student publication, and when Professor Daiches contemplates the devastation, and his Alma Mater's responsibility, he becomes less the impersonal chronicler and more the passionate Edinburgh man. As a boy, he walked every day across the Meadows and through George Square to the University, and he cannot bear to see that authentic piece of Edinburgh mangled and destroyed. A few pages later he goes on to describe the University's "wide-ranging scholarly interests, and to balance the image of the University as destroyer, and shows Professor Daiches's far-sightedness. But his writing is stronger when he allows his feelings to show through.

His text and the pictures are, in fact, closely and cogently related. Since Jencks knows what he is talking about—unlike, say, Freud trying to explain humour. But then Freud did not invent jokes, whereas Post-Modern architecture—as a critical and historical category—is largely the invention of Jencks and his former associate George Baird.

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## The writing on the walls

By Reynier Banham

CHARLES A. JENCKS:  
The Language of Post-Modern Architecture  
197pp. Academy Editions. £5.95.

His new edition of *The Language of Post-Modern Architecture* is a book that is the first you see only to see and hear the reactions of architecture-fanciers who pick it up from your coffee table to observe the truth of its claim: the reason, clearly, is that it contains more and sillier buildings than ever before. Some are the old silly buildings (Hans Scharoun's literally "cracked" jewel-shop in Vienna); some are the new buildings looking sillier in the pastwork and trim (the Nakagin in Tokyo); some are old hands rendered silly by being incorporated in the Jencks canon (High Point 2 by Lubetkin and Tecton) from which some silly buildings (solar heated tower by Steve Bauer) have been removed to make room for some new Los Angeles bungalows previously omitted from the first edition.

All this (and "much, much more") might well have added up to a kind of "Monty Python's Architecture-Bok," were it not for the witty, well-informed, perception, observant and usually well-researched—except for one inexcusable oversight that almost underestimates the whole work and of which more later.

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## Stalkers and quarry

By Roger Fulford

DUFF HART-DAVIS:  
Monarchs of the Glen  
A History of Deer-Stalking in the Scottish Highlands  
259pp. Cape. £7.95.

A serious reader was once being encouraged to read a trifling book and observed rather fiercely, "What I read are books of information". He was only following the sensible advice of Lord Chesterfield about trivial, futile books—writing them away: they have no value. First and over-riding virtue of Duff Hart-Davis's book is that it is packed with information on a subject about which many of us know little enough—though ignorance of the subject may not prevent some preening about cruelty and some lamentations over sportsmen disturbing a little ramble on the Scottish hillsides. Did not the great Lord Bryce, in his radical and mountaineering youth, introduce into the House of Commons "The Access to Mountains" Bill which, his opponents explained, really meant "The Destruction of Deer-Stalking"? Bill or "The Indulgence to the Nature"? Most of the earlier books on stalking are based on personal experience; the reader knows what he is in for when he picks up a book called "Wild Sport in the Hills" by an Old Stalker, or "Lays of the Deer Forest" by John Sobieski Stewart (Stuart perhaps?) or "Stalking Sketches" by a real hunter of the present author. Too often such books—records of happy days of the hunt—throw wide the door to cruelty and sport.

*Monarchs of the Glen* avoids such argumentative but tells us in a perfectly straightforward fashion what happened.

The deer originally inhabited the lowland forests and we must expect that, as the forests were felled to

make more room for the farmer, the deer might have vanished with the wolf. In fact, by an astonishing feat of adaptation, the deer abandoned the old life of shelter, and accustomed themselves to life on moor and mountain—certainly losing a little of their size and significance, and, as one of the illustrations in the book reminds us, always being liable to death from starvation or cold, but nevertheless enduring the blizzards of Scotland.

Probably one of the first stalkers, or at any rate one of the earliest to be made by Cluny Macpherson. He was a rather hesitant rebel in the early days of the '45 but in the end was to prove one of Prince Charles Edward's most faithful adherents. After Culloden he was in hiding on his estate for nine years, and before going to join the Prince in France in 1755 he expressed the wish to kill his last stag. The stalk was successful. In former times, before stalking was general, the deer were killed by a tinsmith, which meant that they were driven into a prepared place on the hillside or into a glen where a party with dogs was grouped for slaughter.

Evidently something on these lines was used in Germany in comparatively modern times. When Queen Victoria and the Prince were at Reinhardtbrunn, near Gotha, in the 1840s they were treated to a tinsmith. A space was cleared in the forest and enclosed; the royal hunt stood in a pavilion in the centre of the enclosure where the deer were driven. A fine band played amid the cracks of the guns so that the sounds must have resembled Handel's Firework Music. Thirty-one stags were killed. The Queen's comment would be echoed to-day: "None of the gentlemen liked this day's sport. Possibly she forgot that Glenlivet, when staying with Lord Glenlivet at Black Castle, shot a fat, domesticated stag out of the window and in doing so reduced the Prince to tears. The villa here should certainly have wanted the royal stag and we must expect that, as the forests were felled to

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## The writing on the walls

By Reynier Banham

CHARLES A. JENCKS:  
The Language of Post-Modern Architecture  
197pp. Academy Editions. £5.95.

His new edition of *The Language of Post-Modern Architecture* is a book that is the first you see only to see and hear the reactions of architecture-fanciers who pick it up from your coffee table to observe the truth of its claim: the reason, clearly, is that it contains more and sillier buildings than ever before. Some are the old silly buildings (Hans Scharoun's literally "cracked" jewel-shop in Vienna); some are the new buildings looking sillier in the pastwork and trim (the Nakagin in Tokyo); some are old hands rendered silly by being incorporated in the Jencks canon (High Point 2 by Lubetkin and Tecton) from which some silly buildings (solar heated tower by Steve Bauer) have been removed to make room for some new Los Angeles bungalows previously omitted from the first edition.

All this (and "much, much more") might well have added up to a kind of "Monty Python's Architecture-Bok," were it not for the witty, well-informed, perception, observant and usually well-researched—except for one inexcusable oversight that almost underestimates the whole work and of which more later.

The text and the pictures are, in fact, closely and cogently related. Since Jencks knows what he is talking about—unlike, say, Freud trying to explain humour. But then Freud did not invent jokes, whereas Post-Modern architecture—as a critical and historical category—is largely the invention of Jencks and his former associate George Baird.

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# To the Editor

## The Spanish Civil War

Sir,—I should have preferred to discuss Herbert Southworth's misrepresentations and innuendoes regarding *The Grand Camouflage* and the French edition of my new book, *La Révolution espagnole*, in his first and now his second letter (October 13), as unworthy of response. Yet, since these can serve only the interests of those forces in the world that derive sustenance and strength from historiographical distortion, I have no course but to reply.

In his attempt to downgrade *La Révolution espagnole*, Southworth claims that only 100 pages have been added. This is untrue. The French edition contains 564 pages, whereas its predecessor, *The Grand Camouflage*, comprises 350 pages, with fewer words per page. But why argue this silly point? It is the content, the truth, that disturbs him.

In the only matter where he may appear to raise a point of genuine substance, he asserts that I ignored the important work on Spanish gold by my friend, Angel Vinas. This, however, is also untrue: on page 179, note 65, I explain that Vinas's book reached me too late to make any changes in the French text. This does not apply to the American edition, to be published next month by the University of North Carolina Press (660 pages), in which Vinas's book and the manuscript of his new work on Spanish gold, which he made available to me, are given the careful attention they deserve.

Finally, I should perhaps reply to Southworth's objections to my use of the evidence of various former Spanish communists. He takes particular exception to Valentin González (El Campesino), the former communist military leader. I naturally examined the circumstances of the editing and publishing of González's work with the utmost care. I have therefore concluded that Southworth's objections amount to no more than an attempt to confuse the layman with editorial detail irrelevant to the authenticity of the material. Not that one can accept uncritically everything that González, or any other alleged witness, says on particular matters—indeed, even in the French edition, as Southworth knows, I question the accuracy of González's account of the gold shipment from Madrid to

Carriagena. But perhaps Mr Southworth's special animus against González is due to the following illuminating comment quoted in my book:

"I am not trying to excuse my mistakes, but I should like everyone to confess his own. If we Spanish communists were guilty of abuses and inequities and established our rule completely or were on the point of doing so, it was because the others, with few exceptions, did not rise to the occasion. The communists (parties [of the world] are strong in proportion as the other parties and trade union organizations are weak and vacillating and play their game. That was the lesson of Spain and that, today, is the lesson of Europe and the world. If they understand this lesson, they will save themselves, but if they do not, then they are lost."

Is this statement, I would ask, less accurate today than it was at the time it was made?

HERNÉTT BOLLOTEZ,

491 Riquelme Court, Los Altos,

California 94022.

Sir,—Herbert Southworth's review of Burnett Bolloten's profound and thorough work on the Spanish Civil War (June 9), and now his letter (October 13) replying to Mr Bolloten's excessively mild rebuttal, are a mass of specious special pleading of a type well known to readers of Stalinist apologetics. Fortunately, he shows the eleven hoof so openly that few will be deceived when he attempts to revive the old canard of Francoite inspiration in the May 1937 rising in Barcelona, a charge believed even at the time only by those who also believed that Trotsky was a German agent: indeed, the slander on P.O.U.M. was part and parcel of the anti-Trotskyist falsification. Mr Southworth gives us "evidence" the fact that Franco claimed credit for the rising, the most that can be said about this being that, perhaps, "Franco was overrating his case."

Why not, in the absence of any other evidence, that he was bragging without any justification at all, as with many similar cases in history?

But in other contexts, Mr Southworth is very choosy about evidence. For instance, he writes, "perhaps, zález, or any other alleged witness, says on particular matters—indeed, even in the French edition, as Southworth knows, I question the accuracy of González's account of the gold shipment from Madrid to

as usual, the voicing of opinions or retelling of facts imputable to the Soviet leadership.

Anyone who has been concerned with a broader view of the period knows that some defector material is false (as all official Soviet and pro-Soviet material is false), when it comes to the disputed issues: any real historian must pick his way very carefully.

On the other hand neither the opinions, nor even the imperfect character, of one or another witness in themselves refute his testimony. Nor are we to exclude those who may tend to put themselves in a better light than we might accept—to do so would be to disqualify virtually the entire human race. Mr Southworth's criteria, even if they were not so patently partisan, would enable him to exclude anyone he wished, on the basis of his insistence on immaculate certainties.

In fact, Mr Southworth's bugbears, Krivitsky and Orlov, whose range goes far further than the Spanish War, have stood up very well to every critical test. Krivitsky (who died in 1941, and whose book came out in 1939—pre-Cold War, surely?) suffers from chronological muddle, but both survive unscathed any suggestion that naughty ideological connections relate the particulars of the stories they tell.

Mr Bolloten, naturally, with his massive and careful checks and counter-checks, survives more unscathed still, and is hardly to be hurt by such fooling plays as Mr Southworth's new rule that a writer must quote every book in his bibliography—yet another sign of his inability to understand what a history is for or about.

ROBERT CONQUEST,

28 Shawfield Street, London SW3.

## Hobbes

Sir,—I have taken to heart the very reasonable criticisms (while appreciating the kind words of commendation) in David Lieberman's review (November 3) of my little book on Hobbes. But I must disagree with him on the point that my concluding sentences imply "an abrupt rejection" of the approach of J. G. Pocock, S. I. Mintz, and Quentin Skinner. In fact I have a great respect for the work of all three, and I take it for granted that their method of presenting the political thought of Hobbes in its historical context is proper and helpful. My concluding argument was simply meant to show that it is also legitimate to take a different approach to the history of philosophy. I did not comment on their writings concerning Hobbes precisely because they undertake a task so different from mine. Part of my intention in those final sentences was indeed to defend philosophical treatments of classical thinkers against a criticism which Quentin Skinner made some time ago (he might want to qualify it now), but I was certainly not rejecting in my turn the strictly historical form of inquiry which he advocated.

D. D. RAPHAEL,

Imperial College of Science and Technology, 53 Prince's Gate, London SW7 2PG.

## Book Design

Sir,—I am not competent to deal with Hans Schmoller's ex-cathedra judgments of the annual Book Design and Production Exhibition at the National Book League in his article "The Machine versus the Eye" (October 20), but his bald statement that "there are no firm guidelines for the selectors" undermines my confidence in them. The selectors were given very firm criteria, which criteria were also sent to all publishers submitting books.

MARTYN GOFF,

The National Book League, 7

Albemarle Street, London W1X

4BB.

## Patrick Modiano

Sir,—In his review of Patrick Modiano's *Rue des Boutiques Obscures* (October 27), John Weighman appears to suggest that the only connection between the real Occupation and Modiano's various fictional accounts of it is the dubious role of certain Jews, with whom he may have some family link. For the rest, he is said to have created "an atmosphere of chiaroscuro, in which the informer, the spy and the black-marketeer oscillate between cowardice and occasional audacity."

In fact, it is these very informers, spies and black-marketiers who have most clearly been drawn from historical counterparts in the *Académie Française*, better known as "Le Service de la rue Lauriston" (they operated from number 93) or "La bande Bonny-Laffont".

ROBERT CONQUEST,

28 Shawfield Street, London SW3.

NOEL CARRINGTON,

Lambourn, Berkshire.

Four words were inadvertently omitted from the penultimate sentence of Douglas Cooper's letter on paintings of Juan Gris (October 20). The sentence should have read: "They have all been examined by George Gonzalez, the son of the artist, and by D. H. Kahnweiler, who was Juan Gris's principal dealer." We regret any confusion that this error may have caused.

## Fifty years on . . .

In the TLS of November 15, 1928, David Ogg reviewed *Hilaire Belloc's The Reformation Happened*. This, the Reformation happened at all, is, to Mr Belloc, a very real problem requiring a solution. In the preliminary pages we are warned against historians like Michelot, Thierry, Ranke, Carlyle and Macaulay, when they treat of the Reformation, because none of these writers know the material with which they were dealing; we are reminded also of what we lost by the Reformation—the simple and sunny joyousness such as is reflected in the best work of Shakespeare, for the greatest of our dramatists was clearly "Catholic in habit of mind" and writing for "audiences in the same Catholic mood". We hear a

her them—in, for instance, Robert Aron's *Histoire de l'Éducation*. L. H. WALKER, Department of French, University of Edinburgh, Edinburgh EH8 9LW.

## Frank Pick

Sir,—The V and A exhibition on Frank Pick's achievement for London Transport, reviewed by Colin Fox in your issue of October 27, has long been overdue. Sir Nicholas Pevsner in his *Outline of European Architecture* singled him out as a modern equivalent of a Maseaux or Medici, and Lord Clark in his recent autobiography paid him a modest tribute as "a man of taste and good taste".

William Morris, was not limited to efficiency but extended to the vision of a pleasant and beautiful civilization. To quote from a letter he sent me from abroad in the early 1930s: "It is very well to pay away all extravagances and blunders to design towns for the future (though this we fall to do); provide water supply without the gaiety of fountains; and electric light supply without any fancy of light."

Let us have a better town. We have stressed utility, for no purpose; it is time to get some fun into life."

In my book *Industrial Life in Britain* I devoted a chapter to Pick, but that was only on one side of his activities. It is to be hoped that this exhibition will inspire someone to undertake a Life worthy of the man, too easily dismissed by Churchill's impatient quip.

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# In pursuit of Marvell

By J. P. Kenyon

Most people would regard "To his Coy Mistress" as his best poem, indeed one of the best poems of his kind in English; but we have no idea to whom it was addressed and when.

Indeed his life is virtually a blank from birth to at least the age of thirty. Of his youth in Hull nothing survives but conjecture; we assume he went to Hull Grammar School, but we do not know. Similarly with his career at Cambridge; all we have are a sprinkling of official entries in the records of Trinity College and two formal exercises in Latin and Greek in honour of the newborn Princess Mary. After the age of thirty it is the same. He left Cambridge on his father's death in 1641; in 1651 he entered the service of Lord Fairfax at Nun Appleton; for the crucial period in between we have only wisps of evidence. We have it on the authority of Milton that he spent four years in Holland, France, Spain and Italy, but Milton was writing in 1653 about a man he then scarcely knew. Three isolated pieces of evidence confirm his presence in Spain and in Rome, but we do not know when he went nor when he came back, nor if he took any part at all in the Civil Wars.

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even that he enjoyed a huge inheritance from a mysterious benefactor, and though this has long been disproved its effect still lingers. Everyone knows that Marvell was tutor to Mary Fairfax, well and to Samuel Dutton 1651-53, but few stop to inquire what a highly educated man in his thirties was doing in such menial posts, or, for that matter, what he was doing campaigning for a £200-a-year post as an Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office.

With the Restoration his position, ironically, improved: he received £68 a day from the Corporation of Hull during parliamentary sessions (though these were neither extensive nor frequent under Charles II), and he also invested what spare money he had in the merchant company of Nelthorpe Thompson, both of whose partners were Yorkshire-based relations by marriage. However, when Nelthorpe Thompson went bankrupt in 1676, there is no doubt that Marvell was hard hit, and it seems that he ended his life in conditions of some penury and financial confusion. This chimes in with various hoary myths of the eighteenth century which portray the disinterested patriot, for instance, chewing heroically on a gristly leg of mutton while refusing tempting bribes from Lord Tre-

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## Selling battleships

By Jonathan Steinberg

WILHELM DEIST:  
Flottenpolitik und Flottenpropaganda  
Das Nachrichtenbureau des Reichsmarineministers 1897-1914  
344pp. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. DM48.

Historians of Wilhelmine Germany have begun to agree with each other in a way which would have been unthinkable fifteen years ago. Two large assumptions apparently unite all of us who work on late nineteenth-century Germany: first, that as a political structure Bismarck's Reich did not "work" and, second, that as a result of the increasingly evident failure of the political machinery to funnel the forces thrown up by rapid economic growth into conventional political channels, politics took to the streets. For convenience, we have come to use two terms to sum up the two assumptions: the *Dauerkrise* (the permanent crisis) and *Massenmobilisation* (mobilisation of the masses). Much controversy surrounds both terms, but at least we agree roughly what it is that we are arguing about. Among historians, that comes as close to a general consensus of opinion as is possible and probably means that we shall all be found hopelessly wrong by the next wave of new thinking.

Wilhelm Deist, senior research officer in the Military Historical Institute of Freiburg in Breisgau, adds a great deal of detailed information to the debate about the second of the two themes. He starts off by accepting, perhaps, a bit too uncritically, the contemporary assessment on the *Dauerkrise* and then proceeds to show how one agency of the Imperial executive, the *Reichsmarineministerium* (Imperial Naval Office) under Admiral Tirpitz, began to bypass the Bismarckian constitutional arrangements in the first full-scale onslaught on public opinion ever carried out under the Kaisers. Tirpitz wanted to build a fleet to challenge the British monopoly of sea power. To do so, he needed to coerce an unwilling par-

liament into voting and paying for that fleet. In the process, he reached out in an attempt to organize what his clever second-in-command on the media front called *eine Bewegung* (a movement). In June 1897, two days after Tirpitz received his seals of office from Kaiser Wilhelm II, he set up an "Office for news media and parliamentary affairs", the *Nachrichtenbureau*. This office, its chiefs, its successes and failures make up the central theme of Dr Deist's monograph. He has used the huge archive of the Imperial German Navy which is now housed in Freiburg to good effect and writes a lean, jargon-free prose. He has a shrewd eye for the tell-tale small items and makes only those claims which his evidence will carry.

The smart young officers who began to market the idea of a great fleet in 1897 certainly succeeded in their sales campaign. Within two years, two major pieces of naval legislation paved the Reichstag and the great flotilla, most of which now sails at Scapa Flow, began to grow. Yet, it is not clear that they succeeded in converting the German masses to "navalism" as such. As Dr Deist notes in an interesting aside, they were caught in a typical Wilhelmine dilemma. On the one hand, they were German officers with a code of honour and a deep respect for *gediegene Nachrichten*, roughly "solid news", that is, they drew the line at real mass manipulation; on the other hand, they manipulated so well that they called into being mass organizations whose plebeian, phalanx and democratic tendencies threatened to undermine the hybrid, quasi-feudal, rickety, imperial monarchy which they hoped to prop up. Hence, Dr Deist devotes a very large portion of his book to the relations between the *Reichsmarineministerium*, the *Nachrichtenbureau* and the *Flottenverein*, the unruly, demagogic mass movement, which the great arms manufacturers founded at the navy's behest but which by 1905 had become a juggernaut with momentum of its own.

Sometimes Dr Deist writes as if the Imperial Navy's *Nachrichtenbureau* and the *Flottenverein*, rather than the Royal Navy. Where that happens, he narrows the issues to purely domestic German considerations and does less than justice to Tirpitz, the navy and the complexities of the arms

race. This narrowness stands out starkly in his treatment of the whole "we want eight cruisers" or on the German side, the Novelle of 1908.

In thirty-seven pages of detailed analysis, he mentions neither the international, diplomatic elements in Tirpitz's acceleration of the annual rate of capital ship construction from three to four, nor the equally significant role of the economic depression of 1907. Dr Deist puts into a single footnote the "acceleration panic" of 1908-09, when the Admiralty became convinced that the Germans were building in secret and Tirpitz found himself at the centre of the worst storm of publicity in his long career.

His treatment of domestic matters is, on the other hand, subtle and often original. I particularly liked the way he developed the conflict between the new naval leadership who wanted to see "left-liberal" mass support for a progressive regime as the accompaniment to their own propaganda, and those who wanted a reactionary strategy, *Sammlungspolitik*, an alliance of the "haves" of late nineteenth-century society against the "have-nots", especially the growing number of organized Social Democrats. Dr Deist draws an interesting picture of the way big business and rabid nationalism combined in the *Flottenverein* to make it harder for the navy to carry its programme. The strident pan-Germanic tones of the *Flottenverein* offended the South German and the Catholic Centre Party, both of which had an important part to play in the parliamentary success of naval legislation. Ultimately Tirpitz and his *Nachrichtenbureau* failed. By 1908-09, Tirpitz and his assistants were caught in the grip of forces which they could not control: an expensive international arms race which they could neither win nor afford to lose and a seizing up of the domestic political machinery in a massive financial crisis. The *Nachrichtenbureau*, after its heavy successes in 1898 and 1900, declined in importance and independence as the administrative symbol of the decline of the validity of Tirpitz's entire strategic conception. Dr Deist's firm and sensible monograph fits a missing piece in the larger puzzle into its proper place.

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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT  
LIBRARIES DIVISION

### ASSISTANT BOROUGH LIBRARIAN LIBRARY SERVICES

£5700-£7515 inclusive per annum  
Essential car user's allowance

This is a new and challenging second-tier post, arising out of a reorganised senior structure in one of the busiest and most progressive library systems in the country. The post demands a well-qualified librarian with good management experience, committed to making the public library services in Sutton more efficient and relevant to the needs of the 1980s.

Applications forms and further details obtainable from Borough Librarian, Central Library, St Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 1EA. Tel: 01-581 5026. Closing date 6 December 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF  
**SUTTON**

WARWICKSHIRE  
COUNTY LIBRARY  
SENIOR ASSISTANT  
LIBRARIAN

BEDWORTH LIBRARY

Librarians' Scale £2,511-£3,834 + £312 salary supplement (Qualified Librarians start at £2,867). Applications for the above post are invited from qualified or Chartered Librarians. Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library, The Butts, Warwick CV34 4SS, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the above address by 4th December, 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD



Senior  
Assistant  
Librarians

£4,017-£4,431

Chartered Librarians are required for these interesting posts in the Lending and Junior Departments. For both posts an unsocial hours payment is made for Saturday duties.

Enfield is a progressive outer London Borough offering pleasant living conditions close to the centre of London and to open countryside.

Informal inquiries to 01-366 2244, ext. 33. For an application form please send an a.s.e. to the Borough Librarian and Cultural Officer, Central Library, Cecil Road, Enfield EN2 6TW. Closing date, 1st December, 1978. Please quote reference SAL/149.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF  
**Rochdale**  
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

### ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

(2 posts—Rochdale and Middleton Area)

Librarians Scale £2,823/£3,651/£4,146

To provide professional assistance in the running of the Area Library particularly in the Area Junior Library. Application forms available (by quoting Ref. No. C.145) from the Chief Personnel Officer, 166 Drake Street, Rochdale, OL16 1XG, to whom they should be returned by December 1, 1978.

### LIBRARY ASSISTANT/TYPIST

Required to work in the IEE INSPEC Library. Applicants should have obtained GCE 'O' levels including English and be able to type accurately. Formal library qualifications are not required and although previous office experience would be an advantage, this is not essential.

The successful applicant will be offered a competitive salary according to age and experience and our benefits include three weeks' annual leave rising to four weeks after one year's experience, an excellent subsidised staff restaurant, season ticket loan after six months, a 35 hour flexible working week and we are located close to Charing Cross.

Please telephone Diane Austin on 01-838 9359 for an application form and further information: THE INSTITUTION OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS Savoy Place, London WC2.

Royal County of  
**BERKSHIRE**

ASSISTANT SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

Education Library Resource Service

£2,823 to £4,146

Qualified Librarian for the above post, which relates particularly to services to primary schools, and is based in Reading. Approximately two-thirds of the year's programme is occupied in mobile library service. Further details and application form from The County Librarian, Abbey Mill House, Abbey Square, Reading RG1 3BH. (Tel. Reading 65897, ext. 119). Closing date December 1.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, GALWAY, IRELAND

### PROFESSORSHIP OF SPANISH

Applications are invited for the above statutory post. Salary scale: £9,406 (£) to £11,056. Closing date for receipt of applications, December 15, 1978. Further information may be obtained from the Registrar.

## The female front

By Jill Stephenson

LEILA J. RUPP:  
Mobilizing Women for War  
German and American Propaganda  
243pp. Princeton University Press.  
\$8.40.

Here is a teaser: who said that "women are first and always mothers, and will so continue"? minister of the Christian religion? Some Nazi bigwig? Or a benighted male chauvinist pig from almost anywhere? The answer is, none of them. It was the American feminist Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The views of even relatively "liberated" women—to say nothing of those much less enlightened—in the United States in the 1930s, coincided to a remarkable degree with those of Germany's Nazi rulers. Leila Rupp feels a little discomfort at propagating this discovery, but like it or not, aptly compares keep raising their ugly heads. The "public or popular images of women in pre-war and wartime society" in Germany and the United States which Professor Rupp describes are uncannily similar, with the idealization of a model type who in both cases is unequivocally white, middle-class, married and fecund: "Just as Nazi ideology denounced or ignored non-Aryan women or opponents of the regime in describing the ideal woman, so the American image excluded non-white, non-Americanized, and, post-war working-class women," she says. Before the days of television advertisements, then, both countries propagated an image of women which—white, middle-class, married, fecund—would look remarkably familiar to the dedicated box-watcher of the 1970s.

Leila Rupp's main concern is

with how this "ideal" image was adapted to the demands of the war economy, and she shows convincingly that in the United States, where civilian conscription was never introduced, the female public response to official appeals to leave the kitchen sink for the factory bench was overwhelmingly greater than in "totalitarian" Nazi Germany, where a compulsory system of labour conscription existed on paper even before 1939. In this context, Madison Avenue was obviously much more skilled in propaganda techniques than that legendary expert, Dr Goebbels. Professor Rupp is perhaps too embroiled in "public images" of "sex roles" to draw all the conclusions which her interesting material provides. She mentions that "the tone of much of the American mobilization propaganda directed at women was much less serious than the German", but she might have gone on to state what her periodical and pamphlet sources indicate: that the Germans had no conception of the panache and immediacy of the kind of appeal used by the Americans. There is no Nazi slogan to touch "I'll be the River, Sister". But in any case, is it not possible that German women had already been immunized against propaganda appeals through the sedition techniques of the years 1933-35? As Leila Rupp points out, however, the Nazis launched far less of a propaganda offensive to get women into war work than the Americans. No doubt this was because of a catch 22 of the German Government's own making. From the start, they insisted that women were everywhere stepping into the breach to replace men called up for active service; this was a truism of the war which would be difficult even for them to claim later that German women were slacking.

There are weaknesses here. Particularly towards the end, the mate-

rial becomes repetitious. The way in which the American Government preached equal pay but practised discrimination is repeatedly referred to but not clarified. It is never introduced to the male public response to official appeals to leave the kitchen sink for the factory bench was overwhelmingly greater than in "totalitarian" Nazi Germany, where a compulsory system of labour conscription existed on paper even before 1939. In this context, Madison Avenue was obviously much more skilled in propaganda techniques than that legendary expert, Dr Goebbels. Professor Rupp is perhaps too embroiled in "public images" of "sex roles" to draw all the conclusions which her interesting material provides. She mentions that "the tone of much of the American mobilization propaganda directed at women was much less serious than the German", but she might have gone on to state what her periodical and pamphlet sources indicate: that the Germans had no conception of the panache and immediacy of the kind of appeal used by the Americans. There is no Nazi slogan to touch "I'll be the River, Sister". But in any case, is it not possible that German women had already been immunized against propaganda appeals through the sedition techniques of the years 1933-35? As Leila Rupp points out, however, the Nazis launched far less of a propaganda offensive to get women into war work than the Americans. No doubt this was because of a catch 22 of the German Government's own making. From the start, they insisted that women were everywhere stepping into the breach to replace men called up for active service; this was a truism of the war which would be difficult even for them to claim later that German women were slacking.

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